RSITY OF ILLINOIS
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APR 1 1957
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THE EMERSON SOCIETY QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES A YEAR BY THE EMERSON SOCIETY, BOX 1080
HARTFORD 1, CONNECTICUT, AND EDITED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
KENNETH WALTER CAMERON. ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP $2.00
Current Issues: 75¢ Back Issues: $1.00

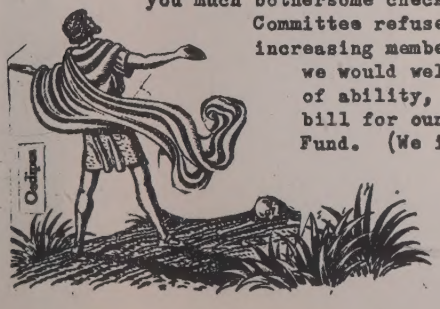
NUMBER 4 COPYRIGHTED III QUARTER 1956

Dear Family,

Yes, the Sphinx has proposed a number of questions to us which we are not yet prepared to answer. During our first and, perhaps, most difficult year, we have moved hopefully from issue to issue, trying to enlarge our subscription list. Publishing costs are high. So are postage, envelopes, photostats, stationery, and the part-time help of the printer's devil! (His name will not be mentioned.) To conserve our very limited funds, for this issue the Editor has contributed enough unbound sets of his edition of Lowell's Undergraduate Verses to send to our present list of paid-up members. We hope you will send in your renewal promptly (if there should be a red checkmark at the foot of the next column) so that we may meet the costs of Number 5, which is now in the press. It will feature:

EMERSON'S 'HORSES OF THOUGHT'
THOREAU'S THREE MONTHS OUT OF HARVARD AND HIS FIRST PUBLICATION
THOREAU AND BOOKS ON INDIANS
A COLLEGE POEM BY JONES VERY
FOUR UNCOLLECTED THOREAU POEMS, WITH NOTES ON THE CANON
TWO THOREAU JOURNAL FRAGMENTS OF 1851
SOME COLLECTIONS OF EMERSON MSS. (PART TWO)
RECENT EMERSON RESEARCH NEWS AND IDEAS

As an organization, we know that we are young and vigorous, with a constituency that is difficult to equal. Still, we are financially poor. Your help at this time is especially needed in securing subscriptions from college and university libraries. We are not ready to offer "life memberships" but we would welcome two-, three- and four-year subscriptions. They would both encourage us and spare you much bothersome check-writing. The Committee refuses to think of increasing membership fees, but we would welcome, from those of ability, an extra dollar bill for our Publication Fund. (We intend to list names of all who contribute over and above the fee in our forthcoming Honor Roll.)



We have approved the publication of "Memorial Numbers"----that is, issues dedicated to the memory of men and women of good will, recommended to us by patrons. A patron has been defined as "one who will generously contribute to the Society the sum of $20.00 or more towards the cost of a memorial issue," which will bear a brief biographical sketch of the person memorialized, with an appropriate motto from the works of Emerson or Thoreau. We hope that some of our members have been inspired by the writers of the American Renaissance or given a new horizon, and may wish, in this particular way, to indicate gratitude and become friends to struggling merit.

Please mark on your calendars JULY 14 at 10:30. We are to be the guests of the THOREAU SOCIETY on that day in Concord. Go to the First Parish Church as soon as you arrive in the morning, register yourselves at the desk labeled "THE EMERSON SOCIETY," and take a seat for an enjoyable session. Prof. Herbert F. West, of Dartmouth, will deliver the presidential address on "Thoreau and the Younger Generation" and Prof. Kenneth A. Robinson, also of Dartmouth, will speak on "Thoreau and the Wild Appetite." You'll be hungry after that, and luncheon will be available, at a moderate price, at 1 p.m. (Last year we had it on the grounds of the Old Manse.) In the afternoon, a special tour of the HOME OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON will be conducted, and the admission charge, for us all, has been reduced to 25¢. After that, you may stretch your legs and see the town. We shall look for you.

"And thou shalt serve the God Terminus, the bounding Intellect, and love Boundary or Form; believing that Form is an oracle which never lies."

Emerson, Journals, VI, p. 413.

The Foundations

☐ If a red check appears in this box, your membership or subscription has expired and ought to be renewed promptly. Make checks payable to THE EMERSON SOCIETY, and mail your renewals to P. O. Box 1080, Hartford 1, Conn. Issue No. 5 will be ready for mailing in late June instead of September. If you have a special summer address, please let us know. ON TO CONCORD!!

UNDERGRADUATE VERSES

RHYMED MINUTES OF THE HASTY PUDDING CLUB

BY

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

EDITED

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Trinity College, Hartford

THE THISTLE PRESS

HARTFORD 1, CONN.

1956

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TO

COLONEL RICHARD RAY CAMERON

RUTH CHARLOTTE CAMERON ROSSOFF

FOREWORD

I am indebted to Dr. Clifford K. Shipton, Custodian of the Harvard University Archives, for permission to edit these selections from the early records of the Hasty Pudding Club. The extant papers of this and other campus organizations that flourished while Emerson and Thoreau were students contain much ungathered wealth for the biographer and literary historian, most of which must be gathered or evaluated before our nineteenth-century writers can appear full-sized. The little work presented herewith has at least one merit. It offers an excellent picture of young Lowell himself (aged 17-18) during Thoreau's Senior year in Cambridge.

K. W. C.

Trinity College
Hartford, Connecticut
April, 1956

FOREWORD

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INTRODUCTION

On February 26, 1837, Lowell sent the following message to his close friend, William H. Shackford: "Since I wrote to you (not last) I was chosen into the Hasty Pudding Club. At the very first meeting I attended I was chosen secretary, which is considered the most honorable office in the club, as the records are kept in verse (mind, I do not say, poetry). This first brought my rhyming powers into notice, and since that I have been chosen to deliver the next anniversary poem by a vote of twenty out of twenty-four...."[1] John Weiss, Jr., had preceded him in office, keeping the records from September 16, 1836, through January 7, 1837. Lowell began on January 11 and continued until April 28. Then John F. W. Ware succeeded him in caring for the books until July 7, when Lowell resumed the task until January 12, 1838. The manuscript volume preserving the delightful meeting-by-meeting history of the Hasty Pudding Club and Lowell's versified reactions to its activities has recently been deposited in the Harvard University Archives and is now available to bona fide scholars.[2] (Thelma M. Smith, apparently, did not know of its existence when she edited the Uncollected Poems in 1950.)[3]

The selected minutes to appear hereinafter do more than keep club history alive. They reflect the many literary masterpieces which Lowell's early letters tell us he was reading during this period.[4] Though one cannot in any strict sense call them "poetry," they do indicate richly the kind of preparatory training Lowell received at Harvard and tell us much about his early sensitivity to poetic diction. They cannot be ignored, therefore, in any consideration of his juvenilia or, for that matter, of the Bigelow Papers, which, at a number of points, they significantly foreshadow. The Thoreau scholar, looking for traces of relationship between Lowell and Henry in this period, will be disappointed. Even Henry's close friends in the club (Charles S. Wheeler, Horace Morison and William Allen) had ceased actively to participate in its programs by the time Lowell became prominent. Still the curriculum and Harvard student life of the Thoreau period are represented and implied throughout, and a host of names appear, some of them, undoubtedly, familiar to Thoreau. To assist the reader in identifying the Club membership, I am reproducing a portion of the Catalogue issued by the Society in 1841.[5] It will help illuminate the loyalties and relationships Lowell mentions in his rollicking lines.

In. 1832. *Gr.* 1834.

William Le Roy Annin, *Sec. & Poet.*
Kinsman Atkinson.
Henry Blanchard.
Edward Bradstreet, Mr., M. D., M. M. S. S.
Thaddeus Clapp, Mr.
Benjamin E. Cotting, Mr., M D., M. M. S. S.
William S. Cruft, Mr.
Thomas Cushing, Mr.
Samuel Morse Felton, *V. Pres. & Orator.*
Edward Fox, *V. Pres.*, LL. B.
Eugene Fuller.
Rufus Tilden King, *Pres.*
Charles Knower.
Charles Mason, *Orator*, Mr., Tut., LL. B.
George Moore, *Sec. & Pres.*
William Putnam Richardson, Mr., M. D., M. M. S. S.
Joseph Sargent, *Sec.*, Mr., M. D.
Royal Tyler, *Pres. & Poet.*
Charles Eliot Ware, Mr., M. D., M. M. S. S.
Nathaniel West.

In. 1833. *Gr.* 1835.

George Jacob Abbot, *Sec.*
George Bemis, LL B.
Harrison G. O. Blake.
Ebenezer S. Brooks.
George A. Cushing.
Hiram B. Dennis, *Pres.*
John Henry Eliot, *Pres.*, Mr.
Frederick A. Eustis, *Pres*, Mr.
Francis A. Fabens, LL. B.
Amos A. Lawrence, *Sec.*, Mr.
Aaron L. Leland.
Charles S. Newell.
Charles W. Palfray, LL. B.
Charles Henry Parker.
Allen C. Spooner, *Poet.*
Lemuel Stephens, *V. Pres. & Poet.*
Joseph True.
Benjamin H. West, Mr., M. D., M. M. S. S.
Naaman L. White.
Ferdinand E. White.
Elijah D. Williams, *Sec.*
*Rev. Benjamin D. Winslow, *Orator*, Mr.

In. 1834. *Gr.* 1836.

Henry Bigelow.
Daniel Cook.
Herman E. Davidson.
Andrew Fiske.
Frederick W. Gale.
John T. Gray, *V. Pres.*, LL. B.
John H. Heywood.
Henry Lee.
George W. Minns, *Pres. & Poet*, LL. B.
George Minot, LL. B.
William Minot, *Orator.*
Edward J. Morris, *V. Pres. & Orator.*
William O. Moseley, *Pres.*
John T. G. Nichols, *Sec., Pres. & Orator.*
George S. Parker, *Poet, Sec. & V. Pres.*
William E. Parmenter, *Sec.*
Frederick O. Prince, *Poet*, Mr.
Israel M. Spelman.

In. 1835. *Gr.* 1837.

Joseph H. Adams.
William Allen.
John Bacon.
Henry J. Bigelow.
Manlius S. Clarke.
William Johnson Dale.
William A. Davis.
John F. Eustis, *V. Pres., Sec. & Orator.*
Horatio E. Hale.
David G. Haskins.
*Charles Hayward, *Pres. & Orator.*
*Samuel T. Hildreth, *Poet*, Precep. Rhet. & Orat.
Christopher C. Holmes, *Pres.*
Nathaniel Holmes.
*Edward H. Kettell.
Horace Morrison.
Amos Perry.
Charles W. Rice.
Charles T. Russell.
Samuel Treat, *Pres. & Orator.*
Samuel Trull.
John Weiss, *Sec. & Poet.*
Charles S. Wheeler, Tut.
Henry Williams.
Francis S. Williams.
William P. Williams, *V. Pres.*
Edward P. Williams.

In. 1836. *Gr.* 1838.

William Aspinwall.
William I. Bowditch.
James I. T. Coolidge, *V. Pres. & Orator.*
Wendell T. Davis.
Charles Devens.
Henry Lawrence Eustis.
Charles Francis Foster.
Nathan Hale, *Poet.*
Patrick T. Jackson, *V. Pres.*
Rufus King, *Pres.*
George Bailey Loring.
James Russell Lowell, *Sec. & Poet.*
William P. Mason Parkman.
James Robinson Peirce, *Pres.*
Benjamin Smith Rotch.
William James Rotch.
Charles Woodman Scates, *Pres. & Orator.*
Gardiner H. Shaw, *V. Pres.*
Amos Smith.
Charles Grandison Thomas, *Orator.*
John F. W. Ware, *V. Pres., Poet, & Sec.*
George F. Ware.
Asa Hammond Whitney.
Nathaniel Wright.

In. 1837. *Gr.* 1839.

John Clark Adams.
Kirk Boott.
William S. Coffin.
Enos William Dean.
Samuel Eliot, *V. Pres.*
Ellicott Evans, *Pres. & Orator.*
Samuel Eliot Guild, *V. Pres.*
James Gore King, *Sec., Pres. & Orator.*
Samuel Longfellow.
Caleb William Loring.
Nathaniel Holmes Morrison, *Sec. & Poet.*
Charles Cushing Sheafe.
Thomas Snead.
Benjamin Marston Watson.
Alexander Calvin Washburn.
Wilson Jarvis Welch.
Joshua Barney Williams.
William Winter.

In. 1838. *Gr.* 1840.

Henry Frederick Bond.
James Elliot Cabot.
William A. Crafts, *Sec. & Poet.*
Arthur Lithgow Devens, *Orat.*
John Francis Heath, *Orator.*
Archibald Gracie King.
James Lawrence, *Pres.*

---

1 James Russell Lowell, Letters, ed. Charles Eliot Norton, (2 vols.), N.Y., 1894, I, p. 13.
2 Hasty Pudding Club Secretary's Reports (1836-1839). The MS. bears the call number: HUD 3447.500.
3 Uncollected Poems of James Russell Lowell, ed. Thelma M. Smith, Phila. (University of Pa. Press), 1950.
4 Letters, I, pp. 8-11; 14-27.
5 A Catalogue of Members of the Hasty Pudding Club, Cambridge, [Mass.], 1841, pp. 16-17.

UNDERGRADUATE VERSES

RHYMED MINUTES OF THE HASTY PUDDING CLUB

January 11th. 1837 ----

P R O E M I U M ——

As when some ten pound rocket darts on high,
And with its blazing train salutes the sky,
Then loud with brazen lungs the rabble rout,
Bellow in discord harsh a deaf'ning shout.
On fourth of July on the common green,
You all have seen this, yea, much more have seen,
Which I omit, for it has nought to do,
Or with my subject or with me & you,
Excuse my name put first in sooth my rhyme
Will do most anything for sake of time;
And here I might as well add that my metre,
To pay poor Paul will oftentimes rob Peter.
I left you looking at the rocket, turn
To what your straining eyes can just discern,
I mean that squib which tossed by boyish hand,
Excites the wonder of the pigmy band.
'Tis made of powder, & it sparkles too,
And yet is not so pleasing to the view.
"But pray, pray, tell me what's all this about"?
Methinks I hear th'impatient critic shout,
Why I will tell you if you'll stop your clack,
The whiles I carry you a little back.
That rocket's like Jack Weiss I tell you 'tis,
Although you see no likeness to his phiz.
"But whom's the squib like? tell us that," I will,
If you will keep yourself a little still.
That squib which upward fondly strives to fly,
Is like your humble servant, tell you why,
Both made of powder, both are set on fire,

[The line numbers in the left-hand columns have been supplied by the editor for the benefit of students. All other interpolations are indicated by the conventional brackets.]

And yet the rocket flies a great deal higher,
So Weiss & I do both in rhyme indite,
His rhyme is POETRY, mine is other quite,
And so thus we differ, he triumphant soars,
While the whole club, applause, in concert, roars;
I creep along the ground an humbler wight,
And roars of <u>laughter</u> at myself excite,
Count on my fingers as I learned at school,
And out come polished verses, made by rule.
Who in description equals Weiss? not one.
Like skates on ice his easy numbers run,
And while as Zephyrs soft his metre flows
Living before us stands old Crocketts nose[1]
It stands alone; it's summit wreathed in light,
Like some huge Pharos shining through the night
He'd find it hard, "that village girl" to kiss[2]
His face adorned with such a proboscis.

My muse turn from this, turn we to survey,[3]
Where Murdock's halls more solid feasts display,
Where geese & turkies, ducks & hens combine,
With mirth & wit with song & rosy wine.
Turn to where Denmarks orator doth strive,[4]
To keep with many a speech hilarity alive,
Thomas! immortal name! doth Denmarks town
Many such sons as thou art call her own?
The feasters all now having sung "Lang Syne,"
Progressed <u>straight</u> homewards in a crooked line,
Seeing two moons perhaps, both bright as day,
Or two north stars to point the doubtful way;
Now having got within the college bounds,
And found no proctor on his midnight rounds,
They all of them at once a shouting fell,
And raised with all their voices such a yell,
That windows swarm, though 'tis the dead of night,
With nightgowned Freshmen almost dead with fright.
"Past two o'clock," says one, "'tis very late.'"
Roars louder still, & feels full twice as great,
Just so as some tomcat in the soft moonlight,
Returning victor from the recent fight,
Stalks by the crowd in envy silent all,

Curls his long tail, & peals his caterwaul.

Thursday I visited that ancient dame,
Who makes our pudding, Dana, she by name,
Perhaps she comes from Danaus of yore,
Whose wife some fifty daughters to him bore;
If so, her task is just like theirs of old,
Who fill pots always emptying we're told.
The only diff'rence is the where & when,
They're down in Hadès, she's at the old "Den".[5]
She told me, that the wicked rascal who,
Supplied us erst with milk & milk cans too,
Had now refused to do the weighty job,
Unless each quart put 10 cents in his fob.
"Ten cents a quart! Ma'am Dana did you ever?" unquam
"Ten cents a quart!" says she, "why no I never!" nunquam
At eve I saw the ancient dame once more,
And found the man at last had given o'er;
She took the milk, & therein she was right,
As some folk's bellies here, will say to night.
Whether he left it at ten cents or not,
I didn't learn, so let it go to pot.

Jas Russell Lowell Secy H.P.C.

Friday January 13th. 1837. Met at Br. Aspinwall's room Hollis 8.—

We met in Hollis just two weeks ago,
(I merely tell you what you all do know;)
At Brother Aspinwalls; a room more neat,
Or warm Or pleasant, you don't often meet.
Three arganz lamps upon the mantel stood,
And on the hearth was put the nectared food,
Sight sweet to secretaries. Near was placed
A table, which a lamp & inkstand graced.
Chairs stood around, a fire blazèd warm,
All fixed with grace, & yet arranged in form.
One victim only, at the altar stands,[6]
Who takes the pen within his trembling hands,
And signs the constitution. Than that man,
No better ever joined this club, nor ever can.
Fain would my pen pay tribute to his name,

But let posterity the duty claim;
The heart is willing, but the flesh is weak,
That which I would, I cannot fitly speak.
But stop my muse! come down & tell us--do,
How the club clapped & Rufus blushèd too,
How when at length the sounding plaudits ceased,
And from suspense, the victim was released,
He rose midst deaf'ning thunders of applause,
First wiped his nose; then made an awful pause,
Then said; "My heart is in my mouth & that,
Chokes up my words, I can't say much that's flat!
I thank you all for your unworthy choice,
In which I hope I duly shall rejoice.
My speech must be a short one you perceive,
'That which I cannot as I would acheive,
I must perforce accomplish as I may;'
In short--in short--that's all I have to say."
He ceased. The enraptured club a moment hung,
Upon his words, then loud applauses rung.
The members then agreed to go to pot,
The milk was sweet, the pudding nice & hot,
The helpers first the officers supplied,
Who each in eating with the other vied;
Which beat my modesty forbids to tell,
But then our President did passing well.
The other members, like true gallant Knights,
Did their devours, all, with all their mights;
Till each had eaten all that he could he [sic] stuff
In other words when each had got enough,
(That is 'pro tem.' for they like puddings true,
Ne'er thought of ending till the pots were through,)
They then into a court resolvèd straight;
And sate the judge, his face all big with fate,
E'en as some Freshman who has been to see,
Our worthy praises after midnight spree,
Feels mighty big when comrades crowd & cry,
"When were you sent for? How? By whom & why?"
So looked our judge, so felt he to a tittle,
In case of Meekeye versus young Doolittle.[7]
The pris'ner[8] sate before the judge in awe,
The meekest Beelzebub, I ever saw.

Both he & Meekeye had a lawyer too,
And each <u>one</u> witness, but one <u>such</u> would do.
The first that entered, was a ragged lout,[9]
Before, behind, all round, his shirt peeped out,
<u>Peeped</u> did I say? it boldly hung out where
A hole behind let in or <u>out</u> the air
Upon his head a hat reposed at ease,
It's crown triumphant flutt'ring to the breeze.
This was convenient, for through this great hole,
He caught some "awful big ones," pon my soul!
The other witness wore a monstrous hat,[10]
All that was <u>great</u> about him, as for that.
Neither had much in evidence to tell,
But what they had got, went off pretty well.
John Ware then rose, his face looked quite as red,
As a red cabbage in a cabbage bed,
(I don't say "ditto to a cabbage head,")
He said he felt amazing sheepish too,
As fellows on their first appearance do.
So Secretaries who the records keep,
When forced to read them feel confounded cheap.
When John had finished this his <u>great</u> oration,
Though not of very long duration,
Right willing then his seat did he resume,
And for the other orator made room.
But listen! Hark! I hear a voice arise
In grateful incense to the list'ning skies,
That well filled note, that rolling R. proclaim,
A name immortal as the scroll of Fame.
Hail to the Coolidge! not an hundred throats[11]
Could speak the Eloquence that round thee floats;
Whene'er thy mouth wide op'ning to the air
Sends forth its notes, then Eloquence is there.
(In Hollis second entry by the bye,
It opens pretty oft, or neighbours lie.)
Had I an hundred tongues I could not tell,
The varied arguments that from the[e] fell.
Vain are my efforts! I must turn away,
And leave in silence all you had to say.
Best proof of eloquence the jury all,
Upon the pris'ner let their fury fall;

The learned judge then rose, & said, "Tis meet
Ten bowls of pudding that the culprit eat,
Ten bowls of pudding ere he leaves his seat."
Whether he eat it all I cannot say,
When I looked last though, he had got some way.

Very few senior brethren graced the meeting
Nothing behind the Junior ones at eating;
Bowl after bowl slid down their willing throats,
At parting, none could button up their coats.
And here a simile was coming pop——
But as I've said enough I guess I'll stop. 108

List of appointments for the next meeting.

Room	Providers	Pleaders	Judge
Davis	Loring & Parkman	Foster & Hale	Wright

Jas Russell Lowell secy H.P.C.

Friday January 27th. 1837. Met at Br. Davis' room by proxy.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to pick,
A decent rhyme, when rhymes ar'n't very thick!
Ah me thus many a thought is thrown away,
Sparkling with wit or bright with fancy's ray!
Thus thought I, as often dipp'd my pen,
Into the ink——to let it dry again;
Nor yet could torture into rhyme a bit,
Of anything containing sense or wit.
At last I thought with <u>wit</u> I might dispense,
And only strive to rhyme with common sense.
But still I thought the thing was deuced hard,
That wit or common sense should clog a <u>bard</u>!
Yet even then no muse would lend her fire,
And unresponsive hung my silent lyre,
This led me on to think of ev'ry ill
That flesh is heir to, whether at the will
Of some rude tyrant, or if self impose
The source whence ev'ry direful evil flows.
And, though the former could their myriads boast,
The self tormentors were by far the most.
One instance only of the first named class,
My end will answer, & his woes surpass.

The power of speech; 'tis he who has to write
These records ev'ry other Friday night!
I see! I see! pure drops of pity start,
To ev'ry eye, meet emblem of the heart.
But dry your eyes, & I will mention some,
Who, self tormented, in the next class come.
They, hapless wretches, with too fatal skill,
From ev'ry pleasure can the dregs distil,
Some after college honors delve & toil,
And dry the brain, & waste the midnight oil;
Perchance they have no brains to dry at best,
But oil's as dear to them as to the rest.
Some in so short a time nearsighted grow,
That scarce their nearest friends they deign to know,
See darkly through a glass with one poor eye,
And with the other all they wish espy,
Why not wear spectacles? Ah yes but they,
Would look <u>so</u> unbecoming you might say,
Hear the true reason why they would not do,
Instead of one blind eye they'd then have two.
Some to penumbrae, some to "umbrae" change,
And dog their substances wher'e'er they range,
To all their speeches umbra lists with awe,
And what they deign to say he makes his law,
At what he would not e'en have smil'd before,
If they repeat it, he must force a roar.
Enough of this; a record I must write,
And I will do it too, though 'tis in spite
Of ev'ry muse that ever own'd the hill
They call Parnassus, or who own it still!
We met at Brother Davis's[12] that is,
A room he borrowed, for it was not his;
I need not stop to sing it's ev'ry worth,
But it was warm & pleasant & so forth.
The records read, a member chosen in,
On the providers' lips appeared a grin,
No grin of joy, a horrid ghastly smile,
Their fingers clutched their pocketbooks the while.
Bright dreams of oyster suppers & a host
Of red hot nippers all gave up the ghost,
For at the proper time no pots appeared,
And much the vengeance of the law they feared.

Valiant at length the biggest one[13] arose,
"I'll get the pots by thunder! So here goes!"
"You thundering little fool you come along!"
"Or thunderation! I will change your song!"
'Twas wrong to swear at his companion thus,
But then you know we shouldn't make a fuss,
At little things; for, though 'twas very wicked,
No doubt his conscience since has sorely prickèd.
And though perhaps it may incur damnation,
His fav'rite, common oath is "thunderation!"
The small provider, modest clos'd the rear,[14]
Trembling with haste yet silent kept by fear.
Not lingering at all upon the road,
They soon return & bring the wisht for load.
Drops of true feeling then, from many rose,
Not from their eyes,--but—from their mouths it flows.
When each had eaten three o'erflowing bowls
Enough to open any jurors souls,
(That is, I did myself, & s'pose the rest did,
In fact, I'm sure, if ev'ry one his best did,)
The court commenc'd, the sapient judge sat down,[15]
A monstrous wig reposing on his crown.
This fleecy load once cloth'd a sheep, don't laugh,[16]
And left his sides to ornament a calf.
The pris'ner then was brought, an Ann Street dandy[17]
"With winks & blinks & quizzing glasses" handy.
He brought up sev'ral witnesses to prove,
That he "had never, never told his love."
His prosecutors swore that he had made
A solemn promise,--(nay that he had laid,)
With Abby Roe, & when they brought her in,[18]
It must be granted that she wasn't thin,
But then perhaps, like Jack Spratt's wife of yore,
She ate of nought but fat; 'twas nothing more,
At least I think so, for she look'd all love,
And innocent as any sucking dove.
If she had sinn'd, 'twas very plain she bore
The burden of her sins, in full, before.
"Man's a bundle of habits," so was she,
At least she had enough, for you could see,
Besides her gown, some pants & boots peep out,
She wore them to keep off the cold no doubt;

And even now, I have not told you all,
She also had a bonnet & a shawl.
I must be brief my Pegasus is tired,
Indeed throughout he has not been much fired.
To write at all in rhyme is sometimes hard,
But a bad headache checks the keenest bard,
So I'll be short, nor tell how we all danced,
How Davis tooted, & how Thomas pranced,
How some young ladies show'd their legs more high,
Than would comport with maiden modesty,
All these & many other things alas!
I am compell'd by illness to let pass,
But I forgot to tell you in it's place,
How all the jury charmed with Abby's face,
Sentenced young Richard to endure for life,
This injured woman, as his wedded wife, 123

List of appointments for the next meeting

Room	Providers	Pleaders	Judge
Coolidge	Rotch 1st & 2nd	Lowell & Peirce	Ware 2nd

Jas Russell Lowell Sec^{y} H.P.C.

Friday Feb^{y}. 10th. 1837.

We met at Brother Coolidge's this eve,
(I'll not give a description, by your leave,)
Though justice will compel me to declare,
We met a very pleasant welcome there.
We first proceeded to initiate Devens,
Who sign'd the constitution, then, by heavens!
Arose, brush'd back his hair & made a speech,
Expressing love for all, & thanks to each,
Said he would do his best in such a cause,
Help eat the pudding, & obey the laws.
The records read, the bowls were handed round,
And clatt'ring jaws hush'd ev'ry other sound.
When this was ended, Atkins was accus'd
Of having nature's dearest gifts abus'd,
Of eating more than man e'er eat before,
Nor e'en then satiate but asking more.

Hail gentle Goddess of the social throng!

Whate'er thy name, Oh aid my lagging song!
Hail thou who kindly teachest man to prize
The goods of this world, spread before his eyes
By lib'ral Ceres, who, with open hand,
Scatters her blessings o'er this teeming land,
(All which we owe to Jackson, by the bye,
If democratic papers do not lie,)
And yet, good Dame, takes always fitting care,
That this her darling club ne'er want a share,
And teaches Yankees ne'er to "bend or kneel,"
By "Yankee Doodle" fired, & indian meal!
Well, Gentle Goddess, as before I said,
I wish in this my task thy gracious aid,
"Pigs" are my subject, Atkins fires my song![19]
To me the task, to me the praise belong!
Descend sweet muse expand thy fost'ring wings,
And aid your humble servant as he sings
Not Homer claims a nobler theme than mine,
Or one more worthy of the tuneful nine!
All hail to Atkins! Gods! can man aspire,
To tune in such a name, a worthy lyre?
Could mortal tongue speak all his wond'rous deeds,
Or name one half the things on which he feeds?
Could e'en this book, all spacious though it be,
Contain a tithe of what we daily see?
Burly & Washburn! yield your fav'rite stage,
To one the grace & glory of the age,
Hide your diminish'd heads if he but nod,
Nor own him rival, but proclaim him god!
A Freshman first, to commons hall he went,
By Lucifer for Whitney's ruin sent.[20]
Hot rolls & crackers melted in his mouth,
Like drifts of snow before the am'rous South;[21]
Freshmen sat eating, staring with amaze,
And swore the man had "fasted many days,"
The lordly juniors dropt their knives aghast
And thought each mouthful huge, would be his last,
"And still they gazed & still the wonder grew,"
That e'en his mouth should hold all he could chew.
Whitney stood gazing fixt in mute despair,
And wisht the chap was anywhere but there,
Waiters were kept upon a constant trot,

Till one exclaim'd with running faint & hot,
"There's no more rolls sir, in the hall, not one!"
"No more! my goodness! I have just begun!
I always eat two dozen, never halve
My number; quick! a loaf then or I starve!"
He said, & turn'd his roving eyes to where
Whitney stood musing, with a vacant stare.
"Whitney! I say!" poor Whitney heard & sprung,
As if a 'pestile' snake his heel had stung,
Nor stopt he till he reach'd the study door,
And rous'd the Praeses from a quiet snore,
"Well what do <u>you</u> want? shut the door! D'ye hear?
Tell me your name sir! Come be quick! Don't fear!"
"Whitney's my name." "I sent for--stop I'll look
And see what for,--I have it in my book."
"I am the board provider, sir, I say,
And thought I'd make this call on you to day,
To ask if I might raise the price of board
And charge two fifty"--here the Praeses snor'd,
"Wake honor'd sir! I tell you, I can't make
Fifty per centum at [the] price I take
While this dread Atkins shows his cabbage phiz;
'Tis monstrous hard sir, I assure you 'tis!"
He ceas'd & Praeses angrily began,
"I will not raise the price for any man;
Fifty per centum! Francis scarce makes that
By charging tenfold; & <u>you</u> shan't that's flat!
Bribe him to leave sir, that's your only way,
Bribe him to leave, yes Whitney; now good day!"
'Larding the lean earth' as he hastens back,
Whitney on Atkins plans a new attack.
He sent him word that if he'd leave the hall,
A chicken pie should be his, crust and all.
Our hero took the bribe, nor did he stop,
For poor Renouf, but put in all down pop.
When <u>he</u> came in & saw the empty dish,
And Adkins gasping like a dying fish,
"This is too bad!" he cried, "I'll room no more,
With one who prov'd to me both pig & bore!
By George, we've always liv'd 'like dogs & cats'!"
He said & straightway mov'd to Mr. Pratt's.
To Plympton's next the mourning Atkins went,

On dire destruction of the larder bent;
They took him in, not knowing what he was
But to repent their rashness soon had cause;
They rais'd their price, & lower'd their eating too,
They did it twice, but still it would not do;
At last they gave him but twelve loaves a day,
And sheer starvation drove the man away.
Then Heathcote's pitying took him in,
But nought could cure him of his darling sin.
Here ev'ry day, the Hero may be seen,
Rolls in each cheek, & cups of tea between,
His eyes roll'd up in rapture to the skies,
Improving ev'ry second as it flies.
This all the witnesses most clearly show'd,[23]
And the defendant's counsel thus was row'd[24]
"Clean up salt river," & they saw him last,
From off the lighthouse sighing to the blast.
The court adjourn'd, the club began to eat,
Each member striving all the rest to beat;
Till they departed all to take their sleep,
To dream of pudding pots immensely deep,
And while with ready spoons & mouths they dwell,
On the blest sight, out peals the morning bell,
When headlong falling from the seventh heaven
They rub their eyes, & find it almost seven. 126

List of appointments for the next meeting.

Providers	Pleaders	Room	Judge
Shaw & Smith—	Pierce & Thomas.	Eustis 2nd	Ware 1st.

Attest

Jas Russell Lowell Sec^{y}. H.P.C.

Friday, Feb^{y}— 24th. 1837.

This evening sacred to the tuneful nine,
Would fain demand a nobler muse than mine;
But since I must—O then accept the lays
Of one who cannot claim the poets bays,
Who only hopes to share the common lot,
To buzz his moment,—then to be forgot.
Descend O Goddess from Parnassus' brow!

Fairest Calliope assist me now!
Breathe on my soul thine own eternal fire,
And sweep with winning hand my tuneless lyre,
Bear me aloft to musics favoured mount,
And let me taste of Hippocrene's fount,
With heavenly voice O swell my falt'ring notes!
And——give my Pegasus four quarts of oats!
Tell me illustrious Thomas, shall my muse,
Attempt to fill her predecessors shoes?
Attempt to add fresh lustre to thy name,
Which shall outlive the mould'ring scroll of Fame?
Print your "Oration" Thomas![25] it would supersede
All other works; of Stewart there'd be no need,
'T would send your name down to all future ages,
The "ten days wonder" of historians' pages.
And Thomas' system long should stand alone
Th'eternal honor of the temp'rate zone.
He "row'd up" Plato "after the worst kind"
And proved that any matter wasn't mind,
Then, Aristotle's arguments to scatter
He clearly showed that mind was no more matter,
Than a good hasty pudding's made of batter.
In short, it was a very fine oration
And worthy of the "rising generation"——

The poem next was read, it's subject fame,[26]
And <u>now</u> you'll feel that all description's tame,
E'en while he reads lo! how before our eyes
Sceptres & kings, & titled nothings rise!
Dust in the balance, when compared to those,
From whose mild eye the tear of pity flows,
Who find no joy in giving blow for blow,
Forgiveness is the sole revenge they know;
They dare be pious, for much more they fear,
A God offended, than the world's cold sneer.
They bless their God & looking up to him,
With calmness see life's fading lamp grow dim.
Mark the proud tyrant on his lofty throne,
He feels no soothing love, he stands alone;
If pain or sorrow cloud his aching brow,
Where were the friends that crowd about him now?

Gone as the leaves that cloth'd the joyous trees,
Fly when they feel the autumn's chilly breeze.
Napoleon shook all Europe as he fell,——
Where died he? let yon lonely island tell!
Did nations mourn when sank his soul to rest,
And raise a common voice "to call him blest"?
No! earth rejoic'd to see a tyrant die,——
His proudest monuments will tell you why.
Seek moral fame then, such is life's best end,
His name ne'er dies, who liv'd to all a friend. 57
So sang our Poet, & a worthier strain,
Will never meet your longing ears again.
And was this all they did on that great eve,
By no means, now I'll tell you, (by your leave,)
In order that posterity may know it,
They chose Scates orator, & Lowell poet.
Besides all this, though last, by no means least,
We had at Murdocks, a delicious feast,
"The feast of reason & the flow of soul,"
Is but a meagre one upon the whole,
Compared to that where wine & wit abounds,
Where flowing bumpers go their frequent rounds,
The pris'ner's counsel[27] got down just in time[28]
To exercise his powers great, in rhyme,
He wrote a song, the which I help'd to sing,
So altogether 'twas a glorious thing.

List of Appointments for the next meeting.

Room	Providers	Pleaders	Judge
Foster	Shaw & Smith	Peirce & Thomas	Ware 1st.

March 1837 Jas Russell Lowell Sec^{y}. H.P.C——

I have thought that the following song deserved to be immortalized by an insertion in the records of this society, not only on account of the obligation conferred upon the society, but from it's own intrinsic merits——

Song for the H.P.C. supper Feb^{y}. 24th. 1837
By. Br. N. Hale Jr. (as sung with immense applause by some of the club.)

Away with macaroni!
Away with rich ragoût!
New England's soil is stony,
Such trifles will not do. (cheers)

When this young world was younger,
Before our pas[29] were born,
Their pas[29] had died of hunger,
Unless they ground their corn. (cheers).

They liv'd on hasty pudding,
When Britain's power did rub,
We honor still their food in
The Hasty Pudding Club-- (cheering)

Our sires have not begotten,
Sons who will bend or kneel,
"When hearts of oak grow rotten,"
Trust those of Indian Meal! (loud & continued cheers.

"Rhymes the rudders are of verses
With which like ships they steer their courses."
Hudibras P.1. C.1. l.?— Friday Evening March 10th. 1837——

'Tis now my business to tell,
At our last meeting, what befel,
What jokes were crack'd, what stories told,
Some pretty new, some, quite as old.
And that the task might be more easy,
(Since that my muse, though young, is wheezy,)
I've chosen metre Hudibrastic,
In which rhymes stretch like gum elastic;
Where one good thought, if beat out thin,
Like goldleaf, (which perchance you've seen,)
Goes very far; or like some story,
Told by a chap who comes to bore ye,
Like Hamlet's times all "out of joint,"
And by long use without a point.
I'll not attempt t'invoke the muse,
For that has dropt into disuse;
She knows all is not gold that glistens,
And therefore, wisely, seldom listens
To any of the poet tribe,

Unless she first obtains a bribe,
And I have nothing left to tip her,
But fourpence, (for an evening nipper;)
So I'll omit to ask her aid,
And scribble;—"dam'me! who's afraid"?
To tell last time, it me behoov'd,
How Jackson, by the spirit mov'd,[30]
Presented two large spoons of wood
To shovel out the smoking food.
Like his great namesake Gen'ral Jackson,
(Who too much steam so often cracks on
The car of state, which runs with ease,
When well supplied with "elbow grease,")
Like him he gives the spoons, because it's
In order to "remove deposites!"
For which he will obtain applause
If not of tongues, at least of jaws;
Besides, 'tis something to be vain on,
To give the club a "sine quâ non."
I now must mention "inter tot,"
How all, (right willing,) went to pot,
And having plaster'd up their bowels
With pewter spoons instead of trowels,
Resolv'd themselves into a court
Of Equity, to have some sport.
The good vice praeses gravely sate
In presidential chair of state,
(Our worthy praeses being feed,
By Doctor Beck, in case of need,
He having been accus'd of libel,
A sin forbid by law & Bible.)
And here a difficulty rose,
The judge was led out by his nose——
Not by the hand of any present,
But by a bleeding, no wise pleasant;
Blood flow'd as from Homeric hero,
Or Christians slaughter'd off by Nero,
(Who when with shield of faith they'd go forth,
Met labors dangers, pains & so forth.)
So one judge having got the nose bleed,
To choose another one they proceed;
And voting right "upon the nail,"

The mantle fell to Brother Hale,
Who with a grave & judgelike air
Proceeded straight towards the chair,
And having plac'd himself thereon,
Order'd the trial to "go on." 66
It being then our Thomas' turn, he
Arose to speak as state Attorney,
He merely wish'd to state the case,
And having done so, took his place.
The President then next arose,
Like elephant to crush his foes,
And thus began with look imposing;——
"Your honor! what would hap supposing
Th'indictment I could pick a flaw in?
There'd be no use of farther jawing;—
Well then, according to strict law,
I tell you I can see a flaw!
My client has no more to do,
(Either in th'old world or the new,)
With any 'Pneumatology,'
Than Anthropophagology!
Yet in th'indictment he is made
Professor of th'aforesaid trade;
Ergo, the pris'ner in that chair,
Is not the man indicted there,
So, don't you think most rev'rend justice
That this indictment fairly crush'd is?"
His honor, having scratch'd his head,
To stir his law up, wisely said;
"It seems to me the case is clear;
We've caught a man & brought him here,
With proper forms & in due time,
To answer to a certain crime;
Now, some one must have done the act,
That's an irrefragable fact;
And, when a crime is done, 'tis thought,
Some person must be punish'd fort,
If for another this man's tried,
(No matter though th'indictment lied,) 100
He must be hung there's not a doubt,
To bring the ends of law about!
So when the thief we cannot catch,

'Tis better to string up a batch,
Than run the risk of letting off,
A man who sets the laws at scoff.
Sometimes we sentence "Wher' or no,"
And lay a heavy fine or so,
And thus, (by help of Providence,)
Lay up enough to pay th'expense.
And if we make a little profit,
We always make a godsend of it.
For how could Justice get along,
Unless she punish'd right or wrong?
Ergo, I finally decide,
That this man fairly can be tried!"
When thus the learned judge had spoke,
Peirce once again the silence broke;
Quoth he—"It surely is no slander
To call an old male goose a gander!
So also when the doctor told us,
(Inspir'd by ancient Nick to scold us,)
We didn't at our lessons look,
No, not so much as ope the book,
I'm sure he wasn't far from right,
And didn't do it out of spite;
So, gentlemen, I think it fit,
That you the pris'ner should acquit!"
He paus'd, and call'd some chaps to prove,
That Beck had done it out of love;
Says he; "On friends his fangs he fast'neth
And whom he loveth most, he chast'neth."
Perhaps he would have spoken on,
But seeing noble Denmark's son, 134
All ready prim'd to rise & spout;
He said his case was all made out.
Then Thomas lifted up his voice,
And bade our inmost souls rejoice.
Curs'd be the day that e'er takes from us,
Our pride, our boast, our "tip top Thomas!"
The pris'ner quail'd beneath his glance,
As craven knight at sight of lance,
(In those days when they settled guilt,
At point of sword or dagger's hilt,
And made a lady's ch'racter clear

By trying it at point of spear;
The fight—whoe'er should win it, he
Could prove a girl's virginity.)
He first like lion shook his mane,
Then paus'd, and shook himself again.
Then spoke--Quoth he, "I value highly,
Cic'ro's honestum and utile;[31]
They will correct a lying mouth,
As sure as magnet pointeth south!
Now Beck these principles despising,
And ev'ry rule of right capsizing,
Urg'd by his counsellor the devil,
That great prime minister of evil,
(Who begging the fair sex's pardon,
Gain'd Eve by flatt'ry in the "Garden,")
In his protecting power bold.
The third Division flatly told,
That very few would ever get
The lessons by his kindness set,
'And ergo, he low marks should scor'em'
<u>This</u> surely was no wise 'decorum'——
The style too, in which Beck addrest 'em.
Was nothing like the true honestum; 168
And if it was at all 'utile'
'Twas nothing but the dregs—all riley—
Besides he looks 'two ways for Sunday'
(I can't tell how many for Monday,)
And while one orb is fix'd on Ware,
The other will on Abbot stare,——
Now <u>this</u> I do affirm is neither
'Honestum' or 'Utile' either!
When to say Iliad of Homer,
Is prov'd by critics a misnomer;
When streams run up precip'tous hill
With force enough to turn a mill;
When students' bills shall all be paid,
And none to trust them be afraid;
When cash is plenty in their pocket,
As cases are in our docket;
When Renouf shall give up his jokes;
When wheels are made without the spokes;
When I forget the make of 'heels,'

And air balloons shall go on wheels;
When rain falls up & smoke sinks down;
When Berry Peirce neglects his frown,
When Dame shall think to pay his debts,
And Billy Briggs to 'fool his bets;'
When, all it's fun & frolic o'er,
This famous club shall be no more;
When 'Bijah White shall cut his hair,
And all things shall dissolve in air,
Then I'll believe without a doubt,
That Beck was right, and—not without!"
He ceas'd midst thunders of applause,
Which clearly prov'd he'd won his cause.

To night we heard the merry note
Of him[32] who erst these records wrote,
In polish'd verse—ah me! how far,
Above what all my efforts are!
Alas! no more he happy roves
Among the academic groves;
His weaken'd health, & chilling airs,
(That blow most sharp at morning prayers,)
Compell'd him to go out of town
And in the country settle down,
In rural quiet; where of late, he
"Otium," enjoys "cum dignitate."
The records read a second time,[33]
Could hardly boast a decent rhyme.
Seem'd to despise all common sense,
And set at nought, both mood & tense;——
But I will not repeat it, for
To think on't makes me deuced sore,
"Infandum renovat dolorem"
To think how "Rich'dson" blunder'd o'er 'em!
But, as I've "sinnèd" rather long,
I'll now end off my sorry song,
Barely remarking that my rhymes,
Like th'advertisements in the Times,
Trying the rule "festina lentè,"
Instead of two lines give you twenty.
But stop! I really quite forgot,

What nice cigars friend Foster got;
Ah! many wish'd the meeting o'er,
Who smok'd, but thought it quite a bore,
Smok'd though they felt 'twould make them sick;
E'en as a smoking candle wick,
Which, while it flick'ring hangs in doubt,
Seems ever wishing to <u>go out</u>!" 234

List of appointments for the next meeting——

Room	Pleaders	Providers	Judge
Hale	Ware 1st & Ware 2nd	Scates & Wright 2nd	Thomas!!

Jas Russell Lowell Sec^{y}. H.P.C.

Friday Evening March 24th. 1837—
"Ultima Thule"

Hard is that hapless mortal's fate
Who puts things off till quite too late.
Long he may beat his puzzled brains
And get sheer nonsense for his pains——
Good Lord! how hard it is to scribble,
How hard to hunt a joke or quibble!
Hunt did I say? 'tis worse to catch 'em—
"Take old ones then, and neatly patch 'em.
Then that the theft may ne'er be known,
Patch deuced thick—they'll <u>seem</u> your own—
So you have seen a beggar's breeches
(Held by a few deserted stitches,)
Adorned with shreds of ev'ry hue
Save that they had when wholly new,
So thick the <u>owner</u> couldn't guess
The groundwork die of his <u>un</u>dress"——
Thus whispered Hope with soothing air
As I sate down in mute despair,
After the Davy Club last night,
This my last Record to indite.
I fain would have delayed still more
As I have often done before
But ah! (I say it to my sorrow!)
I have a theme to write tomorrow——

Ergo, more time I must not waste
But needs must scrawl in red hot haste,
That is, as fast as well I may,
Rome wasn't built up in a day,
Besides, the muse is deaf od rot her!
And Pegasus is no great trotter
So please excuse all slight mistakes
And pardon Peggy when he "breaks."
Then too, in these high pressure times
A bard is put to't for his rhymes,
Apollo's firm has just stopt payment
Much to the grief of ev'ry claimant,
So don't remark my rhymes are stale,
Nor make a fuss if I should "fail."

Last time 'twas settled by the scales
Of fate, to meet at Brother Hale's—
Here, having stowed all that we could in
Of old Ma'am Dana's Hasty Puddin',
We straightway went to work to choose
(That they might fill the old ones' shoes,)
Grave officers some rule to keep,
And rouse the club when prone to sleep—
The Presidential honors fell
To Br. Scates who'll bear 'em well.
To Br. Shaw our votes we lent,
And chose him in Vice-President;
The luckless Secretary's share
Of labor, fell to Brother Ware—
But when we came to choose a wight
To strain his lungs with all his might,
To be the chorister, and pick
The tunes, and make 'em run on "slick"
There rose a most tremendous pother
Before we found a willing Brother.
We cast our votes for Br. Loring
As no ways slow in Chapel-roaring;
But he thought proper to decline
The service of th'immortal nine,
"Omnibus hoc vitium est
Cantoribus"——if you request

Them to inflate their tuneful lungs,
They'll hang their heads and hold their tongues,
But if you do not ask them to,
They're always bawling something new.
So sang old Horace, and in sooth
Those chosen proved he spoke the truth,
Though wond'rous quick to empty bowls
They had no "music in their souls"——
When we had chosen five or six[34]
Who couldn't point out "bars" from sticks,
Then Bailey Loring condescended
To take the place, and so it ended.
Next there arose a grave debate
With arguments of size & weight;
Whether our pudding or beefstake [sic]
Was best for provender to take,
For beefstake Br. Hale did spout
I went for pudding out & out,
Friend Coolidge also took my side
And all his eloquence applied.
The club decreed that pudding was
The best for fodder, "ut est mos."——

Brothers! my record's done, and so have I,
No more I raise the laugh, or win the sigh,
If my poor lines have ever given birth
To one gay laugh, one burst of harmless mirth,
It is enough.——If I have e'er done wrong
To any mortal in my careless song,
I beg forgiveness—trust me, it was meant
In honest kindness with no bad intent,——
I hope you'll deem this my repentance fervent
And so remain your very humble servant.

Jas Russell Lowell Sec^{y}. HP.C—

For the last time, April 28th 1837——

List of appointments for the next meeting—

Room	Pleaders	Providers	Judge
Devens.	Ware 1st & Ware 2nd	King Aspinwall	Thomas!

. . .

Friday evening September 8th 1837.

Met at Brother Scates's Room Holy 16.

850 "'Procul, O procul este' all
Who run before you read
And, if Poor Pegasus should fall,
When strutting from his long kept stall,
Revile the sorry steed!"

A drawing of the medal is to be
placed here as soon as it
Comes from the man who is making
the medals.

Never got it

Society met, & was called to order by the President.
On motion of Br. Lowell it was

Voted:

That the Hasty Pudding Club procure a medal, & that a committee be appointed, (by the chair,) to 'see about it.'

The committee was then appointed; to consist of Brs.

Lowell (chairman)
Jackson
&
Whitney (2nd).

On motion of Br. Jackson it was

Voted:

That hereafter, one dollar, in addition to the fee paid to the Librarian, shall be paid to the Treasurer of the Society, by each member on entrance.

On motion of Br. Wright (2nd) it was not

Voted:

That a head of Br. Thomas(!) be placed upon the medal.

The motions of Brs Lowell & Aspinwall (for which see Record of June 23d 1837,) were passed unanimously for the second time.

Mr White was proposed to be balloted for at the next meeting.

The list of appointments for the next meeting were then read, viz:

Room Pierce	Pleaders Hale & Jackson	Providers Loring & Parkman	Judge Pierce

'T was evening; & the listless breeze
Just stirred the leaflets on the trees,
And, as it lingered thro' the grove,
Scarce dared to whisper forth it's love.
The sun had set; & yet his light,
As loath to leave the world in night,
Still fringed with pink the clouds on high
That hung like snowflakes in the sky.
A virgin moon just ventured out
To see what people were about,
Then, thinking she might seem too bold,
Or else afraid of catching cold,
She slowly glided down to rest
In the warm bosom of the West.
Such eves as this make lovers rave,
Talk of "adorable" and "slave",
And swear by Venus and the moon
That love or death will kill them soon.
The evening star look'd mildly down
Upon this literary town,
Gazing particularly hard
Upon the elm clad college yard.——
After the clock on Newell's tow'r
Told half past seven was the hour,
He saw in Holworthy sixteen
A goodly company, I ween.

Around a 'rev'rend senior's' room,
Whose neatness spoke the frequent broom,
A score of breth'ren, big with fate,
(Or with their suppers,) gravely sate.
Upon the hearth were seated too
Three widemouthed pots of darkest hue;
And two huge cans of shining tin,
Whose plumpness told the store within.
Say, why do these grave breth'ren meet?——
To joke, to argue, and---to <u>eat</u>.
For this, these caldrons grim sit there
With the bright milk-containing pair.

Thus much bright Hesperus had seen,
When a thick cloud rolled up between

So I myself will do my best
To let you know about the rest.

When Brother King had ta'en "the chair,"
(Being his first appearance there;)
To show his rank & spunk, he cries
"Please come to order, d--n your eyes!" (poetical license.)
Thus having said, he sternly glared around,
Coughed, knit his presidential brows, & frown'd.
Each seat of honor on it's chair was kept,
Each member held his tongue, & discord slept.
The records read, the pots were called to mind,
And many a glance was thitherward inclined,
To where these fav'rites seated on the hearth
Steamed like some Doctor of Thomsonian birth.
Thickset & stout, a pleasing front they form,
Still as the breeze, yet brimful as the storm.
Deep in their breasts the ready ladles fly,
"Pudding, or Mush," the watchword & reply.
Then flew the food omnipotent to charm
And the stern grinders peal'd their first alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few
From bowl to mouth your ready pudding flew;
Oh! thing unspoken yet in prose or rhyme
Some yet remain'd to serve another time!
Oh pudding! in our hours of ease
By no means always sure to please,
When want of action clouds the brow
'A ministering angel thou!'

When ev'ry one had 'bagged' his share
Grave justice Parkman took the chair,
And Brother Thomas was accused
Of having this our club abused.
Grave Poniatowski[35] then begun
To make a 'monstrous sight' of fun,
Set judge & jury in a roar
And did, besides, a great deal more.
But, spite of all, the jury pitied
The pris'ner's case, & so acquitted.

Here I dismount from my Pegasus, (who appears in a fair way to dismount me, if I dont,) in order to record the conduct of the class of 1837. In the first place, they have lost as many books from the Library as they presented, & in the second, they have saddled a debt of seventeen dollars upon the present members. Both which performances are very much of a piece with their conduct in regard to the monetary affairs of the Davy Club. I should not have thought of mentioning this, save that the class in question have uniformly boasted of the manner in which they have benefitted the different clubs in this University to which they had the good fortune to belong. Besides which, they have, in a left handed manner, repeatedly, (& on one occasion openly) referred, in no complimentary vein, to the conduct of a certain other class in said societies. Now this is in itself very provoking, "let alone the aggravation of seeing 'em do it," as Samivel Veller Junior Esq. says. The certain other class, (speaking only in regard to this club,) have already given nearly four times as many[36] books to the library, as the Class of 1837. And this too with only two thirds the number of members. Wherefore I hereby consider the conduct of said class of 1837 as extremely derogatory to their character. The above Resolution was passed unanimously by

Friday Sept 22. 1837. Jas Russell Lowell— Sec^{y} H.P.C.

(For appointments see Page 80.)

Friday Evening Sept 22nd 1837.

Met at Br: Peirce's room.

Society met, & having been called to order by y^{e} President, listened to a learned & diffuse report from the chairman of the medal committee, (Br. Lowell), which was accepted.

A committee was then appointed by the chair, in compliance with the constitutional provision, to nominate members from the Junior Class, to consist of

Brs: Scates (chairman)
Coolidge &
Aspinwall—

On motion of Br: Bowditch, (our enterprising librarian,) it was——

Voted:—

That a committee be appointed to obtain suitable decorations for his honor the Judge.

Br: Bowditch was then chosen to constitute the committee, to which Br. Lowell was afterwards added. The motions of Brs. Lowell & Aspinwall, (for which see page 73,) were then passed for the 3^{d} time, &, consequently, became part of the constitution. Br. Jackson's motion concerning en-

trance fee passed a second reading—

Come fair Apollo from thy home above,
Leave thy soft dalliance with the queen of love,
Forget her witching smiles, her thrilling sighs
Forget the flame that glitters from her eyes,
And ah! forget the countless charms that twine,
Thro' ev'ry ringlet of the tuneful nine!
Forget them all & lend thy magic art
To write my record & to spout my part;
Breathe thro' my harp till ev'ry quiv'ring wire
Shall gleam & sparkle with poetic fire,
That I may tell, as thou would'st have me tell,
What things at Br. Peirce's room befel.

Brother Lowell first rose and made an oration,
(Long enough to have settled the state of the nation,)
About medals, committees, assessments, & cash,
And how if we failed we should make quite "a crash"
By breaking the nigger, ma'am Dana & Brown
With other respectable folks about town—
Then returned to the medals. "The medals," quoth he,
"Will be <u>raythe</u>r the slickest you ever did see.
Tall Sophs & short Freshmen will gasp with amaze,
As we flit by like meteors all in a blaze.
Bright medals without & Madeira within—
The way we'll astonish 'em <u>will</u> be a sin!
Green envy will snicker & swear they're black tin,
Those without 'em will say that they don't care a pin,
The ladies will smile & the gentlemen grin,—
The way we'll astonish 'em <u>will</u> be a sin!"
Here, finding his thoughts getting fast out of reach,
He shut up his clamshells & ended his speech.
Brother Bowditch next caprioled out of his seat,
And stood "slantindicular" up on his feet,
Then raising his fist in a dignified way
He showed by his looks that he'd summat to say.
But the noise was so great that he could not be heard,
So he opened his mouth but he said not a word.
Like a hungry hyaena he <u>silently</u> stood,
A <u>laughing</u> hyaena what <u>cries</u> in the wood,
Decoys female virgins away to a distance,
Through impassable forests to give him assistance

And does something there (at least so it is said,)
Which my muse could not tell without blushing bright red.
The whilk goes to prove (since by all 'tis admitted,)
How depraved folks will grow, if they are but permitted.
Well, the praeses by rapping the table with force
And yelling out "order" until he was hoarse,
Succeeded in hushing the lengthened applause
Of which modesty won't let me tell you the cause.
(Poetical license makes falsehoods no crime
To a rhymster when sadly in want of a rhyme,
Besides if my speech did not set them aclapping
My eyesight deceived me or else I was napping.)

To return, Brother Bowditch at length got a chance,
And forthwith his hand took again the advance,
And having made one revolution in space,
Ushered in the oration which now joined the race,
"My friends," he ex[c]laimed, "you must know I arose
To address you because I've a plan to propose,
And if you will lend me your <u>ears</u> for a minute
You'll be able to <u>see</u> if there's anything in it.
I wish to procure a good dress for his honor
That Justice may have a warm covering on her
For her shiv'ring sometimes so deranges the scale
That the bad cause will triumph, while good causes fail.
Don't think of your purses & look so darned gritty,
But straightway proceed to elect a committee!"
When thus he had spoken he seated him down
Mid murmurs of "good plan," "a wig and a gown."

Sammy Syringe was afterwards placed at the bar
For having, in plaguing the Fresh, gone too far.
He sat like a piece of inanimate clay,
(As editors look when the "devil's to pay,")
His head was unlifted, his nose was unblown,
From his lips there came out no articulate tone,
He stirred not though counsel were loud in their wail,
Tho' the sheriff addressed him in person of "Bail,"
But like a dull clod of the valley he sat,
He raised not his voice, & he raised not his hat.
The judge looked as grave as some judges can look,
And spoke to the pris'ner as wise as a book,

But silently Samivel sat in his chair
The judge looked again, and that Sam was still there.
He rubb'd both his eyes, for he thought it was queer,
That Sam should not hold his long speeches in fear.
Yet, spite of his judgeship, no movement made he,
Firmrooted he sat as our Liberty tree,
Unmoved as the rockcrown round Aetna's proud head,
And still as the silence that reigns round the dead.
The judge gave it up as a very bad job,
(Not to speak of it's putting no fee in his fob,)
And looking as stiff as a wormeaten deed,
He turned round & ordered the case to proceed.
Brother Jackson on one side & Hale on the other
Soon snarled up the same in a lawyerlike pother.
And calling two witnesses, one on each side,
Strove stoutly to prove that the other one lied.
These latter, (the witnesses), boo[t]blacks by trade,
Strove, each for his lawyer, for each was well paid.
They blacked o'er the case of the opposite side,
And polished their own with professional pride,
In fact these two bootblacks wellnigh had a brush,
And would, if the sheriff had not cried "Oh Hush!"
Which personal hit at their cucumber shins
Knocked their newlyborn courage quite off it's pins,
And made them as still as some shrivelled up mummy,
That for two thousand years had been playing the dummy.
One side proved most clearly that Sammy was drunk,
The other that 'twas but exuberant spunk.
One proved that, not finding the Freshman in bed,
He placed a huge thunderjug there in his stead,
That he cut up his maiden coat, and, what was worse,
He covered the door with his Sophomore verse.
The other side proved in a manner as plain
That, supposing he did it, the chap was insane
But, so far from that, all the while it was doing
He sat in his room Greek & Latin roots chewing.
The judge thought the case was as clear as the light,
That one side was wrong, & the other was right
But appealed to some law books to aid the digestion
Of the jury, in settling this difficult question
Who, appalled by the charge, brought the prisoner in
"Not guilty——<u>provided he won't do't agin</u>."

Adjourned at 1/4 to 11. Jas Russell Lowell Sec^{y} H.P.C.

Appointments for next meeting

Room	Pleaders	Providers	Judge
Smith	King & Loring	Smith & Thomas.	Scates.

Friday Evening October 6th. 1837—

Brother Smith's Room—

Appointments for next meeting

ROOM	PLEADERS.	Providers	Judge	Jury
Thomas	Lowell & Parkman	Ware 1st & Ware 2nd.	Smith	Aspinwall Bowditch Coolidge Devens Eustis & Foster—

The society met & was, as usual, called to order by the President. On motion of Brother Lowell it was then voted:

That, in order to do things systematically, the jury be appointed in the same manner as the judge & pleaders.

We then proceeded to ballot for members of the Junior class & the following gentlemen were elected

viz: Mr: Morison ——to be invited by Br. Scates,
" Guild —— " " " " " Hale,
" J. G. King (4th) [?] " " " " " Lowell,
" Dawes —— " " " " " Coolidge, and
" Washburn —" " " " " N. Wright (2nd)

I must write a record——assist me my pen,
And we'll gallop right thro' the 'old thing'—and then,
I'll tie my sweet nightcap with care on my head
And hurry away to my caresoothing bed.
I might be pathetic, & say with a sigh
That I cannot entice down the muse from the sky,
Rebellious, & weep for the chaps sent away
For raising a row on a late public day,
Patriotic, & swear that all Liberty's gone
That the rights of us Students are all laughed to scorn,
That the proctors are ninnies, the tutors no better,
For striving our fun and our frolic to fetter;

That the Faculty act like a parcel of fools
To treat us as masters treat boys in their schools,
That the next thing will be to procure a stout ferule,
And allow us to scrape with our bottoms in peril.
I might say that some proctors had very sharp noses
(Made for other things too besides smelling of posies,)
The which they'll intrude, where their valour will let 'em
Into chinks where you'll wonder they ever could get 'em.
Oh! a wonderful snout has your true proctor got!
Of your pointers & setters, & spaniels speak <u>not</u>,
For they'll scent out a noise where there never has been one,
And swear they've <u>smelt</u> fires, tho' they never have seen one!
A brave man is your proctor he works in the dark
And he watches & sneaks round his prey like a shark.
Why a chap is sent off if he pledges his friend
And of 'publics' & such like, egad! there's no end.
'Tis rare sport for the proctors, hurrah! let them loose!
And they'll rush round the yard like a dignified goose.
Enough of these gentles; in sooth they're so small
I think they're scarce worth wasting ink on at all.
But as <u>fleas</u> when excited can give a bad sting,
So a proctor in chase is no <u>very</u> small thing!
I might tell how our orator there was admonished
How himself & his classmates were highly astonished,
And how though he lost--say a hundred or more,[37]
Yet his friends stick as close as they e'er did before.
To return to my task; we met,
Talked, laughed, joked, sang, made fun & eat.
Brother Smith then expired some verse,
Which I now will try to rehearse—

BROTHER Smith's POEM
as taken down in short hand by
J. R. Lowell (?)

[The question mark is Lowell's.]

At midnight 'neath his coverlet
The Soph was dreaming of the hour
When Fresh, should fear his haughty threat,
And tremble at his power.
An hour past on——the Soph awoke
That bright dream was his last
For yell on yell the silence broke

And "Harvard!" loads the blast!
He snatches up his hat & stick
And rushes down almighty quick,
To where amid the noise & riot
The proctors swore they would have quiet.
And there he saw such sights I ween
As he but seldom since has seen.
Students & blackguards all pellmell,
Raised up at once so shrill a yell,
As if the music of the spheres
Were ringing in his startled ears!
Then first he saw Br Whitwell strike
Cy. Morse upon the snout,
From which, as if by thrust of pike,
The gore came gushing out.
In vain alas! he shrieked for quarter
Ben's Spunk flew out like bursting porter,
So forthwith down descends his fist
Upon his foeman's eyes;
And swiftly as the gathered mist
Before the sunbeam flies,
Did Cyrus shun another blow,
Alas! he could not scape the toe,
Which coming [?] swiftly on his rear
Made Cyrus roar with pain & fear!
Now fast & furious grew the fight
And blows flew round from left to right.
The Soph who, now, his valor feels
Extending downwards to his heels,
Wishing to give his spunk more space
And having pondered well the case,
Thought there'd be better chance to strike
Where there were fewer folks.
Tho' we must own he didn't like
The brickbats & the 'pokes'
Which rattling harshly round his belly
Made very smashing work, I tell ye.
So wisely acting on the plan
That wisdom is the part of man,
He scampered from the growing row,
Where helter-skelter, any how,
The blows were flying round.

As the wild stag on Benvenue
Shakes from his hide the morning dew,
And speeds him, when the opn'ing pack,
Are rushing madly on his track,
Nor pauses till he hears the cry
Faint & more faint in distance die.
So did the soph with rapid foot
Clothed in the Deltadreadful boot
  Scarce touch the dusty ground,
Until in College yard from far
He hears the thunders of the war.
Now here it was his chance to meet
One, limping slowly from the street
With bloody nose & beaver beat,
Who to the won'dring Soph did tell
The reasons why the fight befel.
It seems that Bigelow & Ben
(Both "potent, grave, & rev'rend" men,)
Chanced to be passing by, or near,
The shed that stretches in the rear
  Of Newell's wooden pile,
When, from this cavern dark & drear
  All running o'er with bile,
With dreadful yell, their souls to daunt,
In person monstrous tall & gaunt
Out leaped "Bug Wythe" the "emigrant"——!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + +

Thus far the noble bard had sung,
Thus far in tune his harp had rung
Keeping the cadence of his song
  When suddenly he ceased;
Perhaps his stomach gear was wrong
  Perhaps, (tho last, not least,)
Perhaps—he couldn't get along,
  Perhaps his fire increased
To such a pitch as soon burnt out
The 'stuff' of what he talked about.
At any rate the bard <u>did</u> pause
Mid longcontinued, loud applause,
And I, who siezed his sounding shell
When from his Pegasus he fell,

Am left to weep & sigh "Farewell!"

Jas Russell Lowell ⟶ Sec^{y}. H.P.C.

Friday Evening Oct 20. 1837

Met at Br. Aspinwall's Room.

Members were balloted for & the following gentlemen were chosen viz:

Mr Evans	to be invited by	Br.	Devens
Mr Ganson	"	"	"	"	"	Washburn
Mr Watson	"	"	"	"	"	Lowell

A Record? Lord! it <u>is</u> a bore
To tell the same things o'er & o'er,
And spoil good prose so many times,
By ending all the lines with rhymes!
But then one can't expect a gush
  Of Fancy in a poet
Who baits his Pegasus on "Mush,"
  And then can hardly go it.
The same things happen ev'ry night,
(Unless the club is <u>very</u> bright,)
So much so that 'twould be quite clever
To let one record last forever,
Leaving the form & rhymes the same
And changing but the writer's name—
As thus,
    Club met, & Brother A
Rose, but, forgetting what to say,
Sat down, & forthwith Brother B
Got up & said, "I cannot see
What in the deuse our Brother meant
And therefore I must needs dissent—
If he intended to express
Aught personal by his address,
I tell him here that I despise
Himself as well as all his lies,
And if I thought the realm could bear,
So near Election-time, to spare
A man like me—and could go on

Without the help of B her son,
I certainly should risk my life
With Mister A in mortal strife.
"The gentleman"'s a cursed fool
And blackguard of the lowest school!"
Thus having said, the Hero sat;
But, in his rage, forgot the hat
Which, when he sprung upon his feet,
He placed behind him on the seat,
Where now it flattened 'neath the weight
Of all the concentrated hate,
Which, swelling larger by degrees,
Served very greatly to enhance
The downward impetus of B's
Posterial luxuriance.
Then C arose, says he, I swow
I never heard so great a row,
For my part, now, I tell you what"——
"I move," cries D, "we go to pot!"
On this there rose a great commotion,
"Order!" "I seconded D's motion."
"My toes!" "Take care o' that molasses!"
"What'll you have?" "Mush!" "Pudding!" "Asses!"
"That's my bowl!" "No you don't." "It is!"
"Remove your Choctaw Bible phiz!"
"When you have used that salt, just put"—
"There you're too hard for me"---"My foot!"
"Shut up your clamshells!" "Same to you!"
And so they ring the changes through.
But I must leave them at their eating
And tell what happened at last meeting.

Friday Oct 20. 1837——

Dread was the eve—and dark the brow of night
As Moloch's crest—nor could the straining sight
Discern aught save the palpable obscure
Although some 50 comets, to be sure,
Did writhe like serpents thro' the lurid air,
Shaming to paleness with their bloodred glare
The meteors that followed in their track
Like urchins who pursue some rolling hack.
The ghosts stalked grimly thro' the churchyard near

Shiv'ring with cold, & petrified with fear.
And wrapt their shrouds about them as the blast
In mad career among the gravestones passed
Howling in answer to the owl's haloo
Who from a tombstone shrieked tuwhoo! tuwhoo!
What <u>was</u> the matter? Great Apollo tell,
(Thou only knowest,) why these things befell.
Why did the comets then their "tails unfold,"
As at great Caesar's death they did of old?
Why did uneasy spirits saunter round
Within the precincts of the burial ground?
'Twas all because the Hasty Puddings sate
Their Junior members to initiate——
In black profusion on the dimlit walls !
Frown'd the once hangings of the "Med. Fac." halls; !!
Skulls grinn'd o'er crossbones, skeletons, next plac'd, !!!
Swung their lank members with peculiar taste; !!!!
Coffins hung yawning with a loving grin !!!!!
Ready to take the frightened "victims" in; !!!!!!
And, dreadest sight of all, on chairs around,
Sat the stern Puddings glaring fiercely round. !!!!!!!!
The victims as they crept in, one by one,
Turned pale as ashes, ev'ry mother's son—
The skulls seem'd ogling them, with winning stare.
The skeletons put on a nonchalantish air.
And one asserts that while the Praeses read
A skull made faces o'er his rev'rend head!
(N.B. The gridiron was not applied
To the expectant victims' hinder side.)
And yet their hands intuitively turn'd,
To that important part, as if it burn'd.
So when the mistress of the village school
On some young rascal's bottom plies the "rule,"
While for the injured tail his screams arise,
In vain appealing to the heedless skies,
Each <u>other</u> urchin, as the blows descend,
Thinks o'er his sins, & trembles for his <u>end</u>.[38]

Tho' called on, not a speech was made,
Doubtless the victims were afraid,
After the things they'd seen & heard
To stammer forth a single word.
After all this we held a court,

Ate some more pudding, had some sport
Went off to pot, &, when returned
Sang Auld Lang Syne & so adjourned.

List of Appointments for next Meeting.

Room	Pleaders	Providers	Judge
(G. F.) Ware 2nd	Smith & Thomas!	Aspinwall & Bowditch	Ware 1st.

Jas Russell Lowell Sec^{y} H P.C.

Hol^{y} 7 for Br. Ware 1st. Friday Evening Nov$^{r}_{m}$ 3rd 1837—

Met, ballotted for members, & chose
Mr Dean to be invited by Br. Wright (N.)
We met & ate
Talked & do
Joked & do
Laughed & do
Sung & do
& adjourned

Jas Russell Lowell Sec^{y} H P C.

Hol^{y} 7 for Br. Ware 2nd Friday Evening Nov$^{r}_{m}$ 17. 1837

Hail holy P O T offspring of Earth first born!
Hail ye two milkcans bright as dewy morn!
Hail ye pure bowls more white than driven snow
(Naught but the poets license makes them so)
Hail thou great sweet'ner of all ill below!
Molasses hail! & (much preferred by some,)
Hail thy pure spiritual essence Rum!
New England Rum! Oh not unknown to fame
Are the bright glories of thy deathless name!
Great Slawkenbergius,[39] had thy mighty nose
From Rum but ta'en the color of the rose
Still might it stand & shine forever more,
The blazing signpost of some bar-room door,
And tipplers' noses as they reddened by
Would blush at their inferiority.

And thou great snout, of snouts the pink & flower,
Whom Solomon compareth to a tower;
Plumped in the sea, thou mights't have blazed for aye
To light the stormtost sailor on his way.
And might'st have saved full many a gallant ship,
Had Rum but sparkled in thy glorious tip!
Hail thou brown salt! inspirer of the jest,
(Like thine own quality, by no means best)
Although, when Attic fails thour't pretty good
To sharpen wit——but best to season food.
All individually hail! & aid
Collectively, a Rhymster at his trade,
That he may here in fitting verses tell
Something most shocking that to him befell.
I dreamed a dream, (how clear the hand of fate!
Folks never dream except of something great,)
I dreamed a dream—and oh for Milton's Lyre
To write its terrors down in words of fire.
I dreamed a dream—methought a little man
Entered my room—his face was pale & wan
Grinning (oh horrid sight!) from 'neath his wig
With one eye cocked, just like a fainting pig
His nose turned up as if to beg the skies
To save it from the glances of his eyes
The which attracted by its brilliant glare
Turned in upon it one continued stare.
A pair of smallclothes graced his slender thighs
Made for some ancestor of twice his size.
Doubtless renowned in war, for many a rent
Gave free admission to the element.
Renowned in war—but for swift flight I fear,
For the two largest holes were in the rear.
Two boots his legs encased—their tops were red,
As was the wig that swallowed up his head.
A fiddle in his right hand showed that he
Was some great son of ancient minstrelsy.
Awestruck I gazed upon the aged form,
That long had borne the peltings of the storm,
(And other peltings too, or whence the smell
Of ancient eggs that on my nostrils fell?)
Like to a grunter's treble, then began,
With voice melodious, that awful man.

"Young man"—says he, says I "Most revrend! What?"
"I'm the last Minstrel sung by Walter Scott.
And, for my long loved Hasty Puddings, I
Once more my harp's full sounding strings will try."
He said, & lifting gracefully his bow
Began the solemn strain of "Jump Jim Crow,"
But when he saw the sympathetic drops
Hop from my eyes, the melting tones he stops,
Gave his "good bow" one melancholy wave
And instantly strikes up a livelie stave.
His practised voice adds feeling to the song
A sweet voice, not particularly strong,
Like a sweet child's, (whose mouth all running o'er,)
Half choked, erects its voice & pleads for more.
So awestruck was I, that my mind retains
Each word & cadence of the stirring strains.

Tune "'Tis the last Rose of Summer."[40]

1

'Tis the last pot of pudding,
  Left steaming alone;
All its jolly companions
  Are gobbled & gone;
No pot of its kindred,
  No milkcan is nigh,
To reflect back its plumpness
  And give sigh for sigh!

Here paused the minstrel, cleared his tuneful throat,
And lifting up the right tail of his coat
Blew with solemnity his nose, and then,
Letting it fall, began his song agen.

2

We'll not leave thee thou lone one,
  To cool there forgot;
Since thy brothers are swallowed,
  Go to them while hot;
Thus quickly we spoon down
  Thy sweets to the bed,
Where thy mates from Ma'am Dana's,
  Lie thickly bespread!

So soon may we follow
When mirth shall decay,
And from this happy circle
The friends drop away.
While our stomachs "cry cupboard,"
While our hearts warm with fun
We will never forget thee
Thou Potbellied ONE!

Thus having sung, he broke his harp in two,
Sprung from his boots, & vanished from my view.
But not before, (where fluttering in the wind,
It hung its folds out from the hole behind,)
I seized his mantle, and thus kept on earth
A shirt-tail of far more than mortal birth.
Here I awoke & scratching well my head
Thanked Heaven to find that I was safe in bed.

List of Appointments for next meeting

Room	Providers	Pleaders	Judge
Whitney	Coolidge & Devens	Ware 1st & Ware 2nd	Whitney

Jas Russell Lowell Sec^{y} H P C.

LOWELL'S MARGINAL NOTES

1 The subject of the last poem, (by Br. Weiss) was Col. Crockett——and his nose was enlarged on in it.

2 "That village girl" was also, dwelt upon in a very poetical and beautiful manner——

3 Vide Goldsmith's "Traveller," somewhere or other.

4 Charles Grandison Thomas of Denmark N. Y.

5 2nd College House, "so called "a majoribus nostris"——

6 Rufus King——

7 Beelzebub Doolittle was indicted for "hooking" Moses Meekeye's grapes—

8 Br. Ware 2nd—

9 Br. Aspinwall ("en masquerade")

10 Br. Lowell—

11 "Non, mihi si linguae centum sint, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox—comprendere-possim" Virgil [This is a modification of Virgil's Georgicon, Liber II, lines 43-44:
"Non, mihi si linguae centum sint, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox; ades, et primi lege litoris oram...."]

12 The metre forces the poet to a sacrifice of grammar.

13 Br. Loring— 14 Br. Parkman—

15 Br. Wright 2nd— 16 "aliquid liberius" &c.

17 Br. Coolidge—(indicted for breach of promise with Abigail Roe.)

18 Br. Lowell—

19 B. F. Adkins indicted for eating more than his share of the good things of this world—

20 Commons Contractor, sive Contracter.

21 "Notus" the south wind. 22 His chum—

23 Witnesses Brs. Aspinwall & Wright 2nd—

24 Br. Hale 2nd—Counsel for pris[oner]. Attorney Gen$^{l}_{n}$ Br. Lowell—

25 C. G. Thomas—Orator, of Denmark.

26 By br. J. Ware (1st) on the superiority of moral fame over any other—

27 Br. Hale 2nd—

28 From Salt river lighthouse, where we left him sentimentalizing in rural retirement, having been kindly "rowed up" to that truly delightful situation by the Attorney general, your humble &c. &c. &c. J. R. L.

9 I would have the reader to understand, as I wrote the song from memory know not how the learned author spells the above word, that "pas", (paes, should spell it, but thought 'twould render it more unintelligible,) means fathers", being a contraction for "Papaes"!

0 Br. P. T. Jackson generously presented the club with two wooden spoons of noble size & imposing appearance for which he rec'd the thanks of the club, deserves those of Posterity. J. R. L. Sec^{y}.

1 The pronunciation of "utile" above, is not mine own, but Br. Thomas's whose dialect is wholly sui generis.

2 J. Weiss Jr.

3 Read again by Br. Richardson according to a vote of y^{e} club.

4 among the rest Brs N. Wright, Eustis & Lowell.

5 Br. Coolidge—.

6 The Class of 1838 has given to the Library more books than any class since the Club was founded. W. T. Bowditch Lib. [This note is in the handwriting of Bowditch.]

7 marks [Handwriting is probably not Lowell's.]

8 [Opposite this line appears the following sketch:

9 Vide "Tristram Shandy."

0 For the last meeting (with pudding) this term.

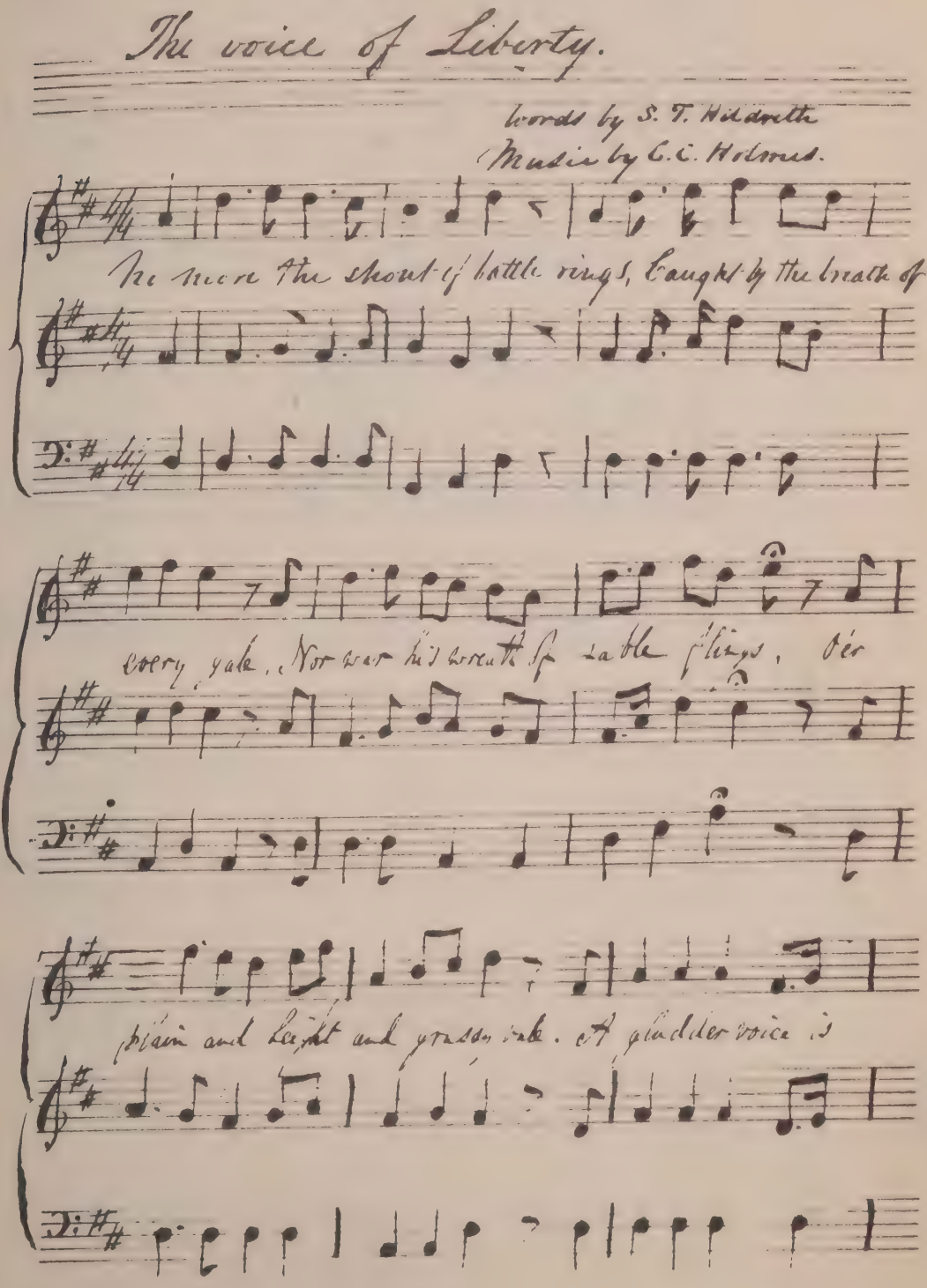
LOWELL'S DONATIONS OF BOOKS TO THE HASTY PUDDING CLUB LIBRARY*

harles Dickens	The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club	(2 v.)
?]	Ton	(1 v.)
ames Grant	The Great Metropolis	(1 v.)
?]	The Daughter	(1 v.)
?]	Franklin Library	(2 v.)
Iarcus Tullius Cicero	Cicero (Classical Library)	(2 v.)
Theophrastus	Characters of Theophrastus (Classical Lib.)	(1 v.)
Horace	Horace. Tr. by Philip Francis	(2 v.)
?]	Le Roi s'amuse	(1 v.)
Paolo Costa	La Divina Commedia di Danté Alighieri	(1 v.)
John Gorham Palfrey	Sermons on Duties Belonging to Private Life	(1 v.)
Alfred Mills	Pictures of English History	(1 v.)
]	Epigrammatist's Manual. By Five Young Fellows.	(1 v.)
Mary Russell Mitford	Foscari and Julian, Tragedies	(1 v.)
William Thompson Bacon	Poems	(1 v.)
George Ripley, tr.	Philosophical Miscellanies from the French of Jouffroy and B. Constant (Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature)	(2 v.)

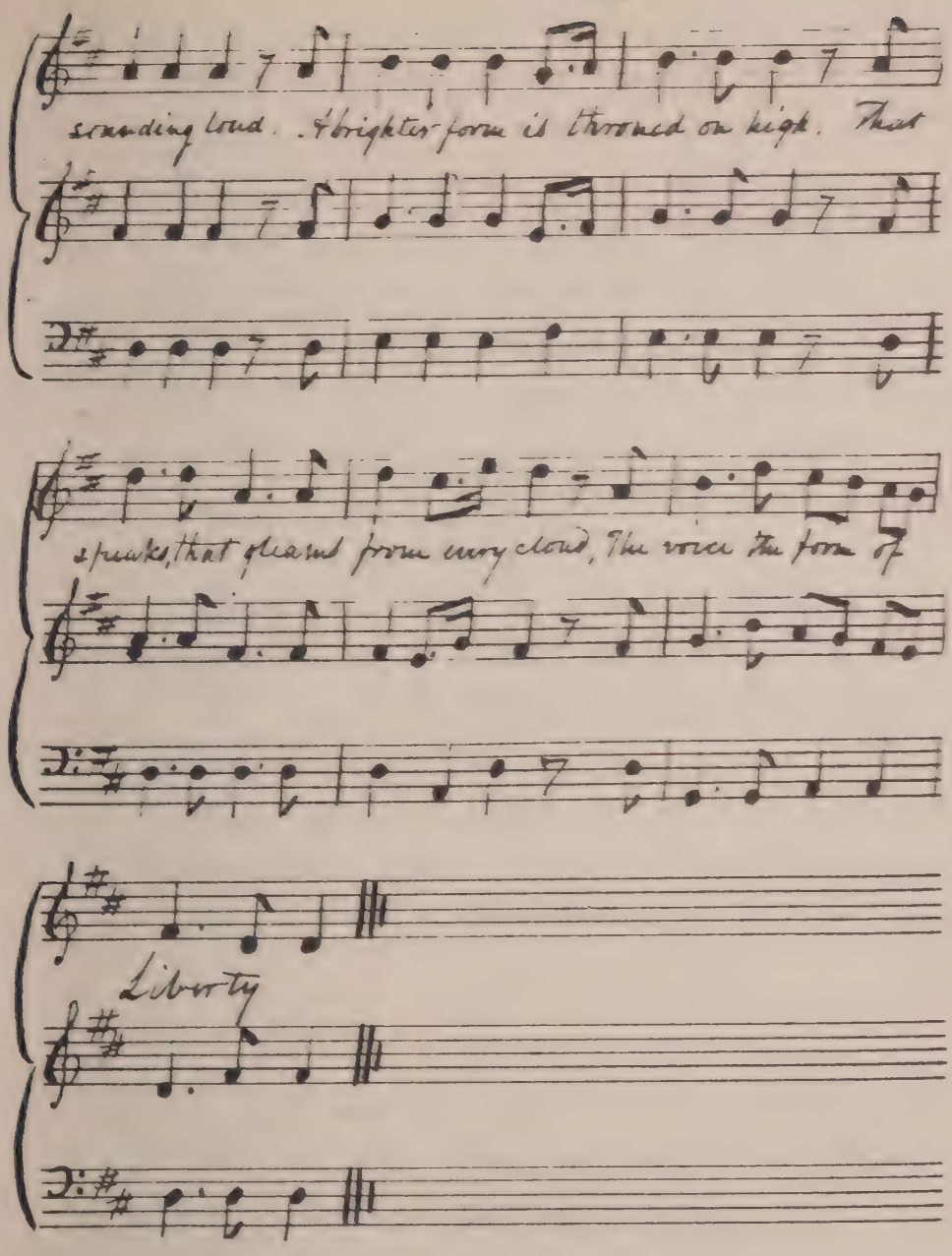
*

Expanded from an abbreviated list in a MS. volume entitled: Hasty Pudding Club Library: Donations of Books (1795-1857), pp. 101-103. Lowell's gifts appear among the "Donations of the Class of 1838." Call number: HUD 3447.750.19. On p. 57 appears a record of Charles Chauncy Emerson's gift of Scott's The Pirate (2 vols.)——probably the edition published in Boston in 1822.

CLUB SONG COMPOSED BY SAMUEL TENNEY HILDRETH FOR HASTY PUDDING MEETINGS*


The voice of Liberty.
Words by S. T. Hildreth
Music by C. C. Holmes.
No more the shout of battle rings, Caught by the breath of
every gale. Nor ever hid beneath sable flings, Her
plain and bright and grassy vale. A gladder voice is

* From a MS. volume entitled Original Songs and Music (1836-1837; 1841-1848-1854). In the Harvard College Archives under: HUD 3447.136.



2.

The despots knell – the despots knell

. . .

The sceptre from his grasp is wrenched,
Power lashed his thunders howl.
His throne in ruins heaped, in darkness quenched
The flames of his chariot wheels.

3.

But Freedom's call, it echoes still
Arise! Arise! ye are not Slaves.
My Beacon fires on every hill,
Stream proudly o'er your Father's graves!
Ah, they have fled, that hero band,
Who rent the haughty tyrant's chain
Who struck my harp with fearless hand
And woke a never-dying strain

4.

A few, a wasted few alone,
Of all this brave and noble throng,
With trembling voice, and feeble tone,
The music of that hymn prolong.
What! feeble? No. Strong as the wind,
Those living notes shall ever sound—
Haste then your freshest garlands bind
Their grey and honoured temples 'round.

5.

Yes! Freedom yes! we hear thy call,
We own no sway, no rule but thine!
Whose altar is the torrent fall
Whose cragbuilt home, the mountain's shrine
For while to Heaven the Eagle soars,
Or caps unchained the dashing sea,
Upon our wild and rocky shores,
Still Goddess! are we true to thee!

SPECIMEN PAGES FROM LOWELL'S MINUTES

January 11th. 1837 — — PROEMIUM —

As when some ten pound rocket darts on high,
And with its blazing train salutes the sky,
Then bursts with thund'ring bangs the rabble rout,
Bellows in discords harsh a deafning shout.
On fourth of July on the common green,
You all have seen this, yea, much more have seen,
Which I omit, for it has naught to do,
Or with my subject or with me & you,
Excuse my name put first in such my rhymes
Will do most anything for sake of time;
And here I might as well adds that my metres,
To pay poor Paul will oftentimes rob Peter.
I left you looking at the rocket, turn &
To what your straining eyes can just discern,
I mean that squib which tossed by boyish hands,
Excites the wonder of the pigmy bands.
'Tis made of powder, & it sparkles too,
And yet is not so pleasing to the view.
"But pray, pray, tell me what's all this about"?
Methinks I hear impatient critics shout,
Why I will tell you if you'll stop your clacks,
The while I carry you a little back.
That rocket's like Jack Weiss I tell you this,
Although you see no likeness to his phiz.
But what's the squib like? tell us that, I will,

The reproductions on this and the following pages are taken from the Hasty Pudding Club Secretary's Reports (1836-1839), a manuscript with call number HUD 3447.500 in the University Archives. See folios 25, 41, 79, 81, 92 and 95.

If you will keep yourself a little still.
That spirit which unpraised for ever strives to fly.
Is like your humble servant, tell you why,
Both made of powder, both are set on fire,
And yet the rocket flies a great deal higher.

So sang our Poet, & a worthier strain,
Will never meet your longing ears again.
And was this all they did on that great eve,
By no means, now I'll tell you by your leave,
In order that posterity may know it,
They chose Seaton orator, & Lowell poet.
Besides all this, though last, by no means least,
We had at Murdocks, a delicious feast,
"The feast of reason & the flow of soul,"
Is but a meagre one upon the whole,
Compared to that where wine & wit abounds,
Where flowing bumpers go their frequent rounds,
The prisoners Counsel got down just in time,* { Br. Hale 2d -
To exercise his powers great, in rhyme,
He wrote a song, the which I helpd to sing,
So altogether twas a glorious thing.

List of Appointments for the next meeting

Roome	Providers	Pleaders	Judge
Foster	Shaw & Smith	Rice & Thomas	Ware 1st

Last Class Meeting &c. A.P.C.

Records of

the

Hasty Pudding Club.

of 1795.

from September to December 1837.

inclusive.

by

the secretary.

(Friday evening) September 8th 1837

(Met at Brother Seates's Room Holy 16.

"'Procul, O procul este' all
who run <u>before</u> you read
And, if Poor Pegasus should fall,
When strutting from his long kept stale,
Revile the Sorry Steed."

A drawing of the medal is to be
placed here as soon as it
comes from the man who is making
the medals.

'Twas evening; & the listless breeze
Just stirred the leaflets on the trees,
And, as it lingered thro' the grove,
Scarce dared to whisper forth its love
The sun had set; & yet his light,
As loath to leave the world in night,
Still fringed with pink the clouds on high
That hung like snowflakes in the sky.
A virgin moon just ventured out
To see what people were about,
Then, thinking she might seem too bold,
Or else afraid of catching cold,
She slowly glided down to rest
In the warm bosom of the West.
Such eve as this makes lovers rave,
Talk of "adorable" and "slave",
And swear by Venus and the moon
That love or death will kill them soon.
The evening star looked mildly down
Upon this literary town,
Gazing particularly hard
Upon the elmclad college yard. ——
After the clock on Merrill's tow'r
Told half past seven was the hour,
He saw in Holworthy sixteen
A goodly company, I ween.

Around a 'rev'rend Senior's' room,

Whose meetings sports the fragrant bloom
A scene of battle, big with fate,
(Or with this suffers,) gravely waits.
Upon the hearth with saddle to
Thrum [illegible] demountled feet of darkest hue;

The Soph. who, now, his valor feels
Extending downwards to his heels.
Wishing to give his Spunk more Space
And having pondered well the case,
Thought there'd be better chance to Strike

Where there were fewer folkes.
Tho' we must own he didn't like
The brickbats & the 'potas'
Which rattling harshly round his belly
Made very smashing work, I tells ye.
So wisely acting on the plan
That wisdom is the part of man,
He scampered from the growing row,
Where helter-skelter, any how,
The blows were flying rounds,
As the wilds stag on Benvenue
Shakes from his hide the morning dew,
And speeds him, when the opening pack,
Are rushing madly on his track,
Nor pauses tile he hears the cry
Faint & more faint in distance die.
So did the Soph with rapid foot
Clothes in the Deltadreadful boot
Scarce touch the dusty ground,
Until in College yard from far
He hears the thunders of the war.
Now here it was his chance to meet

One, limping slow by from the Strait
With bloody nose & heaven beat,
Who to the wond'ring Soph did tell
The reasons why the fight befell.
It seems that at Bigelow's Bar
(Both "potent, grave, & rev'rend" men,)

I tell him here that I despise
Himself as well as all his lies,
And if I thought the realm could bear,
So near Election-time, to spare
A man like me – and could go on
Without the help of B his Son,
I certainly should risk my life
With Mister A in mortal strife.
"The gentleman's a cursed fool
And blackguard of the lowest school!"
Thus having said, the Hero sat;
But, in his rage, forgot the hat
Which, when he sprang upon his feet,
He placed behind him on the seat,
Where now it flattened 'neath the weight
Of all the concentrated hate,
Which, swelling larger by degrees,
Served very greatly to enhance
The downward impetus of B's
Posterial luxuriance.
Then he arose, says he, I swow
I never heard so great a row,
For my part, now, I tell you what"——
"I move", cries D, "we go to pot!"
On this there rose a great commotion,
"Order!" "I seconded D's motion."
"My toes!" "Take care o' that molasses!"
"What'll you have?" "Mush!" "Pudding!" "Asses!"
"That's my bowl!" "No you don't." "It is!"
"Remove your Choctaw Bible phiz!"

"When you have used that salt, just part—
"Here's yours too hard for me—" "My foot!"
"Shut up your clamshells!" "Same to you!"
And so they fling the things through